

Richmond Dispatch.

FRIDAY.....JULY 29, 1881.

Editors Dispatch: What is the crop of wheat of Virginia in bushels? Also, what is the crop of the United States in bushels?

MEMBER OF EXCHANGE:

In 1879 Virginia produced 8,851,320 bushels of wheat; the United States produced 448,766,630.

THE BUNCO GAME.

Prominent Citizen of Camden Swindled Out of \$500—The Man in Which an Attractive Young Man at Atlantic City Induced Him to Invest in Some Figures.

Josiah Rodgers, a well-known citizen of Camden, N. J., last week was in Atlantic City attending to business, and while sauntering along the board walk facing the ocean he was approached by a well-dressed, gentlemanly-looking man who opened a conversation about the bathing facilities, and remarked that he was a stranger in the place and, recently come from New Orleans. Mr. Rodgers naturally gave whatever information he could for the benefit of his newly-found acquaintance, and in course of half an hour the stranger had made such a pleasant impression on the builder that he asked his name, which was given as Hyde. Mr. Rodgers returned the courtesy by giving his own name, and shortly after the young man left him, first shaking hands and expressing a desire to see him again. The builder had dismissed the matter from his mind entirely, when in the course of twenty minutes he was hailed familiarly by a man seated in a carriage drawn by a well-groomed horse, which he was driving leisurely along the beach.

"Why, don't you know me, Mr. Rodgers?" inquired the man in apparent amazement, as he reined up his horse and looked smilingly at the builder. "I guess you may have forgotten me. My name is Garrison."

Mr. Rodgers recollects the name, but he failed to recognize the claimant, and said so. "Well, I declare," said the sharp, "that's funny. Just jump in here, Mr. Rodgers, and we'll drive down the beach a distance, and see if I don't refresh your memory."

Suspecting nothing, the builder complied, and his new acquaintance began talking about so many gentlemen who were known to Mr. Rodgers that he finally thought he must have met the man and forgotten him. "By the way," said the fellow, after talking upon various subjects for ten minutes or more, "I have a lottery ticket that I want to get cashed, but I've forgotten where the place is. I think, though, it is somewhere on Arctic avenue. Will you object to going up with me, while I get it cashed?" Still innocent of anything wrong, Mr. Rodgers assented, and the carriage was driven to a small cottage on Arctic avenue, the exact location of which he does not remember. The rest of his adventure and the shameless manner in which he was swindled is best told in Mr. Rodgers's own words:

"We stopped in front of the door," said he, "and the man leaped out and asked me to come inside. I told him I would wait in the carriage, but he insisted so good-naturedly that I got out and went into the cottage. At a small plain table a man was seated, and my companion handed him a ticket of some sort and demanded \$1,000. This was refused, and \$100 was given him, and then he said he would like to invest again, but was not sure the office would stay in the same place. 'Oh!,' said the man at the table, 'we make drawings right here,' and he uncoveted a part of the table, showing a set of figures. A pack of cards was brought out, and I was asked to pick one out, which I did, and my companion handed \$100 as his prize. This was repeated several times, and at last the fellow pushed \$500 toward me and said I had won it, but I refused to touch the money. I don't know how it came about, but by some means the pair of them got me so confused that I was persuaded to invest \$450 on the figures, and they claimed it, but afterward offered to give it back if I would sign a check for \$250. I saw at once that it was a swindle; but, to get out of the place, I agreed, and gave them a check for that amount. Then they took away, and finally offered to return that check and the money if I would give them another one out of my regular check-book for \$700. I knew I could stop payment, and agreed to the second proposition, and then one of them apparently tore up the first check, which was drawn to the order of W. D. Watson, threw it on the floor, and handed me back \$400. Although I was perfectly innocent of any wrong intention, I felt ashamed of having been swindled in such a place, and knew it would be difficult to make an explanation about the pack of cards, so I said nothing to any one about the matter. You can judge my surprise, however, when I was informed that the \$250 check, which I supposed destroyed, had been presented at bank, as well as the \$700 one, which was paid. I was so angry at this additional swindle that I telegraphed to the bank not to pay any checks until they saw me. That is the whole story, and I am sorry that the matter has been so public." —*Richmond Press.*

Fairbanks Scales in Australia.
The Australian correspondent of the *American Mail and Export Journal*, in speaking of the exhibits of American manufacturers at the Melbourne International Exhibition, under date of April 20, 1881, writes as follows:

"Under the heading of 'Office-Fittings and Stationery' we find the following high compliment paid to a gold medalist of many an International Exhibition. The chairman of the jury, in his report, tells the Commissioners that Fairbanks & Co., St. Johnsbury, Vt., and New York, United States, exhibited postal-letter balances, with double scale and single beam, and possessing that beauty and accuracy of finish for which this description of goods from the United States is so justly famed. A first order of merit is awarded them. This is a fourth First Degree of Merit given to Fairbanks & Co., at the Melbourne International Exhibition, and surely could not fail to follow. The exhibitors obtained the highest award in London in 1861, New York in 1863, Paris in 1867, Vienna in 1873, Santiago in 1875, Philadelphia in 1876, Sydney in 1877, Paris in 1878, and at the Sydney International Exhibition in 1880, in competition with the manufacturers of the United States and from all nations of the world, a special award above all others was given to Fairbanks' Scales."

News has just been received that a Gold Medal has been awarded, as predicted, to Fairbanks & Co., the only one awarded any scale-manufacturer from the United States.

Gath Dines with Mary Anderson.

George Alfred Townsend, writing from Long Branch, says: I took dinner yesterday at Mary Anderson's cottage, long inhabited by Eddie Adams. He bought 20 acres of ground there, and for a good many years it lay the cloud upon him. With the loss of real estate his health has been impaired to sell much of the land. She has recently disposed of 6 acres for \$6,000. The cottage, which was originally put up by Blake, the actor, is inhabited by John Russell Young, with his brother and his deceased wife's families. Right opposite is Mrs. Paddock, better known as Maggie Mitchell, whose husband, it is said, became estranged from Long-Branch investments that he put a great deal of her money here, and the depreciation of her property at one time amounted to about \$40,000. She could now sell considerable of this property but for the ridiculous figure they are putting upon it. The course they are now taking to build this property will result in driving off the most thrifty class of purchasers—those, indeed, who give stability to the place.

This article appears in a Michigan journal: Amos James, E. C., of Huron, Mich., suffered so badly from rheumatism that he was unable to raise his arm for three months.

Five bottles of St. Jacobs Oil cured him entirely.

HUMOROUS ITEMS.

It is said that James Gordon Bennett, who is editing fast horses in Europe, "has sworn that he will win the Derby next year." And no doubt he will swear if he doesn't win it.—*Norfolk Herald.*

The ordinary reader can stand a great deal of medical phrasology from Dr. Hammon, Dr. Hamilton, or Dr. Wales, but human patience gives way when a mustard plaster is regarded as a blistering astringent.

Virginia is becoming demoralized. The fashion of calling members of the Legislature "Hon." if they happen to be a little prominent prevails. Sorry for Virginia! Sorry for North Carolina!—*Washington Star.*

Fogg says he never understood the true significance of the term "breadstuffs" till after he exchanged his mother's cooking for the cooking of Mrs. Fogg. He says her bread's tough enough to satisfy an ostrich.—*Boston Transcript.*

W. J. Florence tells of a shore actor who had just returned from a country engagement. "How did you get on?" said Florence. "Not very well," replied the bistro; "I played-jack-knife engagements—I opened and shut the same night."

The Boston *Herald* says: Our esteemed contemporary the Traveller challenges us and gives us the choice of weapons under the rules of the code. We name Bullock presses, space and time to be annihilated, with our faces toward the morning, a la Mahone.

The manner in which General Butler receives the rumor that Guiteau has retained him in his defense reminds the Buffalo *Express* of a fellow in a similar fix down in Massachusetts, who wanted Choate to defend him: "What! his hands covered with blood, and no money? There's no help for him," exclaimed Choate.

The Sunday school was in debt and the superintendent put up an excursion and gave us the choice of weapons under the rules of the code. We name Bullock presses, space and time to be annihilated, with our faces toward the morning, a la Mahone.

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Artist. "Smile pleasantly, if you please. A little more. There; but not quite so much. Wait a moment, please. I shall have to get the negative on the plate longitudinally if that smile increases. That will do." And all the while the woman was trying to condense her mouth as much as possible.—*New Haven Register.*

DEADLOCK CONTINUED.

"Who was the greatest American poet?" asked Professor Stearns. "George Washington," said the slow boy in the farther seat; "he was versed in war, versed in peace, and very—" But the professor interrupted him to say that was the verbiest he ever heard, and just then the lightning struck the Baptist college, and without coming to a vote, the house adjourned—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

WOUNDED.

"Live! I guess he lived. Why, you couldn't kill that feller if he was as full of holes as a skimmer. He'd just go to work and breathe through the holes, that's what he'd do," and having thus ventilated his knowledge of the vitality of a veteran of the Mexican war, Job Shatto mopped the perspiration from his brow and strolled to the next gallery to astonish another crack-barrel audience.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

IN THE MARKET.

"How d'ye sell these bananas?" and he fumbled over the whole bunch in a critical sort of way. "Forty cents a dozen for those bananas, sir," I declare. What's that? Jiminy, but that tarantula bit me square on my thumb." In that case I shall have to get sixty cents a dozen. You see this will include name in the paper and a ten line obituary. Couldn't think of nothing less, sir." Customer faints on his hands, but "comes to" to find out that he has only stuck a sliver in his hand.—*New Haven Register.*

BOOKS, STATIONERY, &c.

MARTIN'S INDEX

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WOODHOUSE & FARHAMS [326]

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